

# Earnest Poole Presents the Russian People

**R**EADERS, the Russian people!

Often in the past year you must have wished you could hear of Russia, not through interpreters, but from the people themselves. If so, Ernest Poole's new book is that wish fulfilled. In the pages of *"The Dark People"*—note the quotation marks—speak peasants, tradesmen, soldiers, laborers, sailors, priests, manufacturers, consecrated revolutionists, factory hands, servants and statesmen—and they speak directly to you.

They speak not by virtue of Poole, the artist—for few books are so little marked with art—but through a conscientious, painstaking, unpartisan reporter. To speak of *"The Dark People"* as being "by Ernest Poole" is much like speaking of something in a shop window "as seen through the glass."

## Poole's Self-Effacement.

The many who know the writer's work will recognize that it is intentional self-effacement on his part and not mere colorlessness. There are some themes so great, the responsibility for truth so grave, that an author with a conscience must feel any individuality in the manner of telling to be an intrusion. Before a theme like the Russian people in revolt and in danger of losing again their new won freedom one is not interested in the reporter, only in his report.

Mr. Poole must have felt some such responsibility in writing *"The Dark People."* For in the style therein he has reverted to the simplicity of a man who in the gravity of his message has forgotten his art, his skill, his very personality and speaks with an instinctive directness such as even an untrained narrator commands under the urge of a great occasion.

Throughout the book, excepting a few sentences at the end, it is the Russian people whose word you read and not Poole's. It is a report pure and simple with practically no comment by the reporter.

## Scenes in Petrograd.

Mr. Poole reports what he saw and heard in Russia last summer. The few scenes and the many interviews he records picture a Czar already forgotten except as the personification of something which all agree must never return. The old order was gone, the new in the throes of uncertain birth. Kerensky, the man at the helm, was trying to steer a course between the bourgeoisie led by men like Professor Milyukov on the one hand and the Bolsheviks led by Trotzky and Lenine on the other. His hold was precarious. The people were in constant turmoil, especially in Petrograd:

From a little further down the street a large motor truck came slowly along, crowded with workmen and soldiers. It stopped and gathered a crowd around, and there was some quick, excited talking. It turned and went back down the street, with a dense throng of people following, men and women, girls and boys. . . . Suddenly from just ahead came two single rifle shots; and then, an instant later, the long, sharp, ugly rattle of a machine gun, and the hiss and buzz of bullets over our heads. At once there was panic everywhere; and in the next ten seconds I . . . was borne with the mob through an open gateway into a court. Behind the fusillade increased, but I heard no screams, no shouting. I looked back upon the street and saw it black with people lying on their faces.

To Petrograd flocked peasants, workmen, soldiers, priests and sailors, all to demand their share of the fruits of the revolution.

A soldier sat on a bench near by, a little man with a small, black beard and curly hair that came out from under his soldier cap. He had a round face and fiery eyes. . . . He held the *Pravda* on his knee, the Bolshevik paper which had been going



ERNEST POOLE

by millions of copies down to the soldiers at the front. The little man panted as he talked.

"You know what this paper says?" he cried. "Now, listen, *Tovarische* (comrade)! We are soldiers, but we are peasants too. Most of us come from villages. And we must know what is going on, or robbers will get the land that is ours! Now, listen—this is what it says! When the revolution started our new Minister of Justice issued an order not to allow any man to sell his land until the big Assembly, when the land will be divided up! But now a new Minister of Justice, a damned bourgeois and nothing else, has told the judges to go ahead and let them buy or sell as they please!"

"And two rich land owners have already done it! One sold 5,000 desyatinas (about 12,000 acres) to his Danish manager. When peasants come to take the land, the new Danish owner said, 'You can't! It's mine and I'm a foreigner!' They said, 'We can't, eh?' and kicked him off! They will never give up that land again! But the Government must pay the Dane because he is a foreigner—and then with this money which should be ours he will pay what he owes to his boss, the old Russian landlord! Now, what shall be done by us at once with this damned bourgeois Minister?"

In the Tauride Palace, the headquarters of the Soviets, or the All Russian Council of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, Mr. Poole saw "order and system . . . real work going on with a definite plan of organization. Every few minutes into the room would come tramping a big delegation of workmen or soldiers or sailors from the crowd outside, wet and dirty, clamorous, and there would be shouts and confusion. But presently the intruders would leave and again the work at the tables went on—on typewriters, in ledgers and through low intense conversation."

It was this Soviet which grew to be the dominant organization of Russia and was the signatory a few days ago to the treaty of peace with Germany.

The "dark people" are the peasants and constitute 90 per cent. of the population. That makes them the centre of gravity in Russian affairs. That is why Russia has always tried to read the mind of the peasant and why Mr. Poole gives more

space to interviews with peasants than to statesmen and kings of commerce.

How dark that peasant mind is on fundamentals can perhaps be fairly gauged by a few remarks which a carter made to Mr. Poole on education.

" . . . I don't like the school in our village," he said, "for it teaches no real things. When I want to teach a boy how to plough I take him to the field and do it—and so it should be with everything else. What good are books alone to a boy? How can you expect him to learn a thing unless he can see it and do it himself? These teachers from the cities know nothing at all of any real life. One girl teacher from Petrograd taught at our school a while ago, and at first she wanted to rent my cow to get milk for herself and her mother. But one day at sunset on my field she saw a young calf, and she said to me, 'I will rent this dear little cow instead. She will give quite enough milk for me!'"

The peasant gave a solemn nod. "And that is the kind of a teacher," he said, "they send to teach farming to my brats!"

"THE DARK PEOPLE." By ERNEST POOLE. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

## Kenedy Publications

### WITH THE FRENCH RED CROSS

By Alice Deane. Stories of real incidents on the Western Front and the Dardanelles. . . . \$1.60 net

### A PRIMER OF PEACE AND WAR

The Principles of International Morality. By Reverend Charles Plater, S. J. A study of the moral obligations of each nation to the others. . . . \$1.80 net

### THE MARVELS OF DIVINE GRACE

Meditations based on the "Glories of Grace." From the Spanish of Father John Eusebius Nierenberg, S. J. By Lady Alice Lovat, with Preface by the Rt. Rev. Abbott Hunter-Blair, O. S. B. . . . \$1.90 net

### BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN

By Mother Mary Loyola. Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S. J. A book of consolation in bereavement, with particular consideration given to the great war. . . . \$1.00 net

### GOD AND MYSELF

An Inquiry into the True Religion. By Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J. A clear, positive, understandable and conclusive investigation addressed to people of modern ideas and modern tendencies. Cloth binding. . . . \$1.00 net  
Special edition, paper binding. . . . 25

### JESUS CRUCIFIED, or THE SCIENCE OF THE CROSS IN THE FORM OF MEDITATIONS

By Frs. Pierre Marie and Jean Nicolas Grou of the Society of Jesus. Translated by L. M. Leggatt. . . . \$1.00 net

### THE EXTERNALS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Rev. John F. Sullivan. The history and meaning of the practices embodied in the Ritual of the Church, her Government, Religious Orders, Ceremonies, Festivals, Sacramentals and Devotions, 110 illustrations. . . . \$1.50 net

Postage 10% extra.

**P. J. KENEDY & SONS**  
Publishers

44 Barclay Street, New York

## UNDER FIRE

Robert Herrick, in *The Dial*, says: "The book has all those intimate signs of truth that carry immediate conviction. Barbusse gives the thing itself—War."

## UNDER FIRE

*London Observer* says: "The supreme novel of the war. The rich variety of the book is indescribable."

## UNDER FIRE

*The Nation* says: "The greatest of the books that voice the new soul of France."

## UNDER FIRE

*The Bellman* says: "The most notable contribution to the enduring literature of humanity."

## UNDER FIRE

*Chicago Daily News* says: "A piece of literature which posterity will receive as immortal."

## UNDER FIRE

*Chicago Daily Tribune* says: "The greatest book of the war that I have read."

## UNDER FIRE

By Henri Barbusse (*Le Feu*)

\$1.50 Net. Postage Extra. All Bookstores.

E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

## JUST PUBLISHED

The Most Vital War Book of the War

## THE GLORY OF THE TRENCHES

AN INTERPRETATION OF WAR

By LIEUT. CONINGSBY DAWSON

Author of "Carry On: Letters in Wartime"

(Now in Its Twentieth Edition)

Laughing and cheering they go up to the front and over the top. And then drenched and sodden, smashed in body but whole in spirit, they travel the road to Blighty—home! Lieut. Coningsby Dawson knows the agony of that journey—and the wonderful exaltation of it! He made it on a stretcher, wounded and battered, from a front line trench to a London hospital.

"Their religion is the religion of heroism, which they have learned in the glory of the trenches." What that glory is, how it lays hold of every true man, what it really means to be at the front in the greatest war of all the ages is most vividly told in this vital and inspiring war book.

First Edition 50,000 Copies.

Price \$1.00 net

"A Truly Remarkable Book"

## THE FATHER OF A SOLDIER

By W. J. DAWSON, Author of "Robert Shenstone," etc. Cloth, 21.03 net.

A  
Message  
For  
Fathers  
and Mothers  
of  
Soldier Boys

"A contemporary record of great value, bodying forth in glowing words the exaltation that comes of great renunciation, a renunciation that thousands of American fathers and mothers have already made and that thousands of others will make in the months to come."—New York Times.

A Father  
with  
Three Sons  
'Over There'  
Tells How He  
Feels About  
War

Of All Booksellers

**JOHN LANE COMPANY, Publishers, NEW YORK**



## Thomas Burke

the author of that strangely beautiful book of stories, *Limehouse Nights* (5th Edition, \$1.50 net), has written a new book as rich, as daring and as colorful as its predecessor.

## TWINKLETOES

the story of a daughter of Limehouse. It is an unusual novel, as fine as Twinkletoes herself, and we believe that you will agree with the reviewer of the *Springfield Union* in calling it "A beautiful story to be judiciously recommended to the judicious."

At all Bookstores. \$1.55 net.

ROBERT M. MCBRIDE & CO., N. Y.